

THE
Johnson Journal



December, 1933



EDITOR'S PAGE



HOW LONG HENCE?

The school is quiet. It is time for assembly. Mechanically the student body files to the hall and listens to the customary list of lost and founds and a few other similarly unemotional announcements. There is no whispering in the assembly; there is nothing to whisper about. Assembly is over and the students begin their weary, wilted, drolling of recitations. Passing between periods is lifeless; even the freshmen seem to have lost their zest to practice football rushes. The study-rooms are deathlike; the basketball stars have forgotten how to use spitballs to keep in form. The teachers are plainly worried.

"What can be the matter," they wonder, "with the old life in the school?" The pupils are becoming pale through lack of outdoor activity and from close application to study. And as for recess, there are no smiles, there is no laughter—nothing save this dull rhythmic tread of feet.

"What has happened to Johnson?" you ask.

Well it's just this way. The Athletic Association of Johnson High has failed to raise sufficient money to support its teams. Johnson has no teams—Johnson has no life—Johnson is dead.

Such will be our predicament shortly, unless our A. A. is supported. Athletics in North Andover are not, as is a well-known fact, financially supported by the town. Athletics are voluntary with the students and are supported by the students. For decades back Johnson

has always had its athletic teams and the few struggling members of the A. A. are determined that there shall be teams to represent Johnson in its three major sports.

Thus it behooves us as students and teachers who are doomed to suffer this monotonous fate unless the A. A. is supported, to get back of the A. A., support its activities, pay its dues, and attend all games.

V. Bixby '34

THE JOURNAL NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT

The *Johnson Journal* being a publication for the benefit and enjoyment of the entire student body, it consequently demands the support of every pupil. There are various methods by which this end may be accomplished. You may offer material for the *Journal* and toward this point we have, as yet, little criticism. Every class has contributed considerable literature to make this edition a success. The various members of the editorial and business staffs have functioned perfectly and it is due to their utmost endeavors that this issue is made possible.

The financial support is much weaker. We feel sure, however, that everyone will respond with as much school spirit and we are hopeful that the majority who have as yet done nothing to aid this cause will revolutionize their principles and buy the *Johnson Journal*.

No doubt as you read this edition you will have some criticism of the material and its style of writing. However, cast aside all false modesty

and come forth with any constructive criticism. If you do so we feel confident that all succeeding copies will meet your high expectations.

But all our efforts will be in vain if you do not aid us. We plead for your help.

Wm. Graham '34

MAGGIE AND THE JEWELS

It was 5:15. Maggie O'Grady mopped up the last puddle of mud from the square-tiled floor and proceeded to trudge away with her soap and water. It had been hard work and she was glad to have reached the end of a weary day so that she might hurry home to her sick Rosie and the eight other red-headed O'Gradys.

All through the day from 6:30 in the morning till now she had worked incessantly. But strangely enough she didn't seem to mind working here. Mr. Williams was so kind and thoughtful. Somehow he made her think of her own Ireland home where she had left her mother and father, her three younger sisters, her older brother, Joseph Sullivan, and last of all her smallest and dearest brother, Jimmie. Jimmie was only five when she came to America with Michael O'Grady.

Maggie had led a hit or miss life for the past thirty years. It was mostly miss. When Michael found work it was not steady and Maggie had to help. From that time on she had worked at the offices of Mr. Williams who was so kind to her and her own. When Michael was killed in the railroad yard four years ago Maggie had to put Sarah to work and doubled her own efforts. Life had been ugly to Maggie. It offered no reward now.

Wearily she tramped down the

hall. She was well past the automatic elevator before she suddenly recalled that she had left her mop behind. She sighed, turned on her heel, and immediately was looking into the fishy eyes of a thick-set man. He started, looked furtively to either side, began to withdraw, changed his mind, slipped his hand into his greasy coat pocket, drew out a dirty bill, and forced it into the trembling hand of the gaping Maggie. He looked up and snarled, "Ye don't know nuthin' now, see?" Before Maggie could speak or follow he was gone.

The bang of the elevator downstairs awoke her. She slipped the bill into the top of her apron and forgetting her mop, turned away.

A fat old gentleman from the offices of Williams and Son, Jewelers, tore after her with coat-tails flying, thin hair disheveled and arms wildly gesticulating.

"Mrs. O'Grady, Mrs. O'Grady, wait up a bit."

Breathless he reached her side.

"Mrs. O'Grady,—have you seen—the jewel case? The green one—I brought to the office with—me after dinner. The head of a big concern in Los Angeles gave it to me to look over this afternoon. I say, have you seen it?"

"No, Mista Williams, I ain't—but—" she hesitated only a second before she added—"but a man jist

wint doon that illivator and look, he give me this when he saw I seen him."

She held out the dirty bill before Mr. Williams. He caught his

way Maggie started, scrutinized him intensely for a moment, then shaking her head, sighed resignedly, "Jimmie's used to twinkle, too."

III

say nothin' 'cause I couldn' fin' my tongue nowairs and as fer me legs, they just wouldn't budge. Mr. Williams, will 'e 'arm me 'cause I tol' ye noo?"

"Oh, no, no, Mrs. O'Grady. You say he went down the elevator?"

"'e did."

Mr. Williams's blood pressure ran high. It meant fifty thousand dollars. It meant his reputation, his success or failure.

He acted quickly now and much less at random. He telephoned the police, thanked the nervous Mrs. O'Grady, and fled the building.

All the way to her tumble-down home Maggie O'Grady shivered. It was snowing hard and whenever a figure loomed before her in the storm she drew to one side fearful lest a muffled face prove to be that of the man with the snarl.

Although she hooked all the windows and backed the table against the broken door, she could not sleep all night, for constantly through her thoughts ran the words, "Ye don't know nuthin' now, see?"

II

With her flowery, three-year-old hat perched on her graying hair and her shabby bag carefully clasped over a rip in her coat, Maggie stepped hesitatingly into the court room and sought out Mr. Williams. When she finally discovered him he was in the front row talking with a well built, progressive looking, business man whose blue eyes twinkled incessantly. When they twinkled her

—er, er" (He indicated the man of the twinkle. The court as a whole turned and smiled approvingly upon "Mr. —er, er") and had left them on his desk, that at the time in question he had been engaged at business in the inner office, that when he returned to the outer office and was cleaning up for the day he noticed the loss of the case containing the jewels valued at \$50,000, that he at once spoke with Mrs. O'Grady, then the police.

Mrs. Maggie O'Grady testified that she was Maggie O'Grady, a widow, mother of nine children, and in the employ of Mr. George Williams, jeweler, that she had not seen the case of jewels but that when she was finishing her work "that rascal thair" (she indicated him of the snarl with her roughened finger) "he told me I didn' know nuthin' and pushed *this* (with that she dug out the bill from her shabby pocketbook and held it out) into me 'and."

It was the twinkly man's turn.

He rose, took his oath and seated himself comfortably, searchingly twinkling at Maggie all the while.

"Name, address, and occupation, please!"

"I am James Sullivan of Los Angeles and Dublin. I—." Maggie had fainted.

It was a long time before Maggie raised her weary eyelids and weakly looking up saw the eyes of her long-forgotten brother, Jimmie, twinkling down into her own.

Virginia Bixby '34



Robert Sanborn '37 is the winner in the freshman art contest for the *Journal*. The staff takes great pleas-

ure in printing his football poster as an illustration for Catherine Daw's poem.

A FOOTBALL PLAYER

So sleek and trim and debonair,
 With pomade on his shiny hair,
 So conscious of each maiden's
 glance,
 So dainty, deer-like, at the dance,
 You'd think him weak, effeminate,
 And maudlinly degenerate,
 Unless on some November day,
 When winds are sharp and banners
 gay,
 You saw him, head-down, hit the
 line
 Of scrimmage like a blasting mine,
 Or tackle in a roar of thunder
 And rip a human wall asunder,
 Or aching with electric pain
 Of fracture, never once complain.
 So lady-like and debonair....?
 Say that of him? You wouldn't
 dare!

Catherine Daw '35

FAMILY EXPECTATIONS

Every parent, I fear, has great expectations in regard to his offspring. Each child, in his mind, is a prodigy, a future president of the United States, or if not that, at least a president of a large bank. All their children are brilliant! What if they don't get good marks in school? That's only because they don't "fit" with the teachers, and so receive poorer marks than they deserve. Of course if their teachers marked fairly, they'd be getting the maximum number of honors each time! If a child shows argumentative ability, he is destined to become a great lawyer or statesman; if he enjoys dissecting, he will some day be a famous surgeon, known the world over.

How many times are the parents

sorely disappointed! The boy fond of arguing becomes only a fault-finding husband, and the child fond of dissecting becomes a mediocre doctor, with neither patients nor money. Also I am sure that the children themselves do not like being regarded as prodigies, for deep in their hearts, they realize the sad truth.

Marguerite Phelan '34

HAIL N. R. A.

Calm and wide like our own fair
 sea-gull,
 Over the space of the U. S. A.,
 Spread the wings of the great blue
 eagle,
 We hail thee, N. R. A.!

From lakes to gulf, from shore to
 shore,
 Each doing our part, let's say,
 As the clouds break away and we
 smile once more;
 "We hail thee, N. R. A.!"

Barbara Mason '36

THE DEPLORABLE STATE OF
THE PRESENT GENERATION

Oh, yes! This younger generation certainly is wicked. No respect for older folks. No brains, manners or morals.

How many times have we heard, "Now, in my day, we were never allowed out at night." Or other similar phrases. Then two minutes later an old college friend comes to call....

"And, do you remember the night we got that old professor out of bed at one o'clock, Saturday? It's a wonder he didn't catch us. That wood patch certainly was a swell place to duck into. And the next day in class, will you ever forget the lecture we got? I've often wondered if he didn't guess who, in his words, 'the wicked students were who

Mr. Newlywed to Mrs.: "My dear, why didn't you light a fire?"

Mrs. Newlywed to the Mr.: "I tried dear, but I couldn't find the recipe in the Cook Book."

Miss Cook to unruly Frosh who is in the library to look up words: "I'm simply exasperated with you freshmen. What are you in here for?"

Frosh: "To look up 'exasperate.' "

Miss Green to Costello in Latin: "Now Costello, you're not paying

attention. who said, I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him?" "

Costello, yawning: "The undertaker."

Judge Walsh to J. Pillion who has already been in court three times for various offenses: "What, you again?"

Pillion, humbly: "No, your honor. I'm his twin."

Women's code meaning concerning men. N. R. A. Never repent anything.

"Mine is an artist; he draws on me."

The absentminded professor whose telephone number is 11456 finds that his phone is out of order, walks to his grocers to call 11456 to send for his groceries.

Officer Leighton to three fair speedsters in front seat of snappy car: "Push over, girls."

Fair Speedster: "Oh officer, do you think there's enough room for you too?"

Freeman Davis of No. Andover
Salesman

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